

(2)

ear towards him so I could catch what he was saying. He again pulled me tight towards him, this time by the waist, until my crotch was right by the side of his leg, and our chests were almost touching. I had my chin on his right shoulder, both arms around him, his hair touching the side of my face, the front of my pants down. It was so bigarre. I could now feel him pulling the base of my penis back and forth. It felt kind of good. He finally let me go, and I pulled my pants up. (He looked at me and said:) "Don't tell anyone. Don't tell Mother. she worries. Tomorrow and the next day, I will give interview. I will give, (he traced his finger on my chest,) a chain."

Thursday September 23, 1999
Interview # 2

After asking me whether both of my parents were present, he took my letter and told me to GO. I waved to Papa and walked to the verandah. Mom had seen me get up. She met me on the porch. Papa came and sat next to me. when Baba arrived, he shook his hand at mom telling her to go. She was slow to leave...

During the interview, while talking to Papa, he said about Mom: "She is a good lady; a good devotee."

He turned to me and asked: "What do you want?" - A chain. "A chain? or Swami?" - Swami! "Yes, (he pointed to his palm) what is here?" Your hand, swami. "NO, what is here?" (I took my guess) - the universe? "Is there nothing? or everything?" Everything! "Good boy!" (he waved his hand, a metal watch came tumbling out.) "See? everything what is the time?" (he looked at the clock) "Three-ten." (He set the watch, then pointed to my timex watch.) "this, no good! Plastic watch! take it off." (he replaced it with his, on my left wrist. It was way too big.) "Oh, small hand! take off two links." (He took Papa into the private room for a minute or so, then called me ^{Papa} left. As soon as we got inside, he pulled me close, gave me a big hug, and started untying my pants. He dropped them to the ground, then pulled my underwear below my butt. He grabbed my penis, and while hugging me again, started masturbating the base of it. He kept repeating "Purification Purification." I felt his other fingers grip around my crack and pull me close upright. I held him tight in return. He turned his right cheek to me, I kiss